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The Meaning of Tolerance

BY HAROLD C. PHILLIPS

. . . But Jesus said, Forbid him not. Mark 9:39.

THERE are some things with which a man ought never to be tolerant. "Ye that love the Lord hate evil" is an ethical principle that brooks no compromise. Indeed, a much needed sermon might be preached on the virtues of this sort of intolerance. That, however, is not the sermon I am preaching today. Rather, we shall be speaking of intolerance among religious groups.

Few pages of church history make more dismal or disgraceful reading than those which record the treatment meted out by religious groups to those who have had the courage to think for themselves. The very names of some of the implements of torture used by the church against those looked upon as heretics is enough to send chills down one's spine—spiked collars, flesh pincers, thumbscrews, branding irons, iron whips, tongue tearers, iron spiders for disemboweling, choking ropes, mouth openers—and so on through the dreadful list. It seems almost incredible that time was when a Jewish mother would kill her own child rather than have him fall into the hands of Christians. The Inquisition, the massacre of Jews, the torture of witches, the burning of heretics, are all ghastly incidents in the tragic story of religious intolerance.

To be sure, religious groups have had no monopoly upon this outrageous procedure. Before our very eyes today we are witnessing a political and racial intolerance which is hideous indeed. One wonders how long a preacher of anti-marxism would last in Moscow; about as long, no doubt, as one of pro-marxism would last in Rome. Moreover, one has only to think of the persecution of the Jew in Germany, or of the Negro in America, to realize that the church has no monopoly on intolerance.

There is, however, something about religious fervor

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which, when misused, intensifies the worst aspects of human nature, even as when rightly used it develops the best. Jesus once said to the disciples that the time would come when those who killed them would think they were doing God service. It is precisely this feeling of sanctity which religion can add to our human ignorance or prejudice which makes religious intolerance a peculiarly perplexing problem. Religion can the more easily give us heat than light. Listen to Thomas Aquinas: "It is much more serious to corrupt faith, which gives life to the soul, than to falsify money, which sustains life. If, therefore, the falsifiers of money or other malefactors are at once by secular princes justly given up to death, much more may heretics, as soon as they are convicted of their heresy, be not only excommunicated, but justly killed." No one questions the sincerity of that utterance. Therein lies the difficulty.

TOLERANCE VERSUS INDIFFERENCE

In the first place, let us make it clear that when we speak of religious tolerance we are not speaking of religious indifference. It is interesting to observe that in recent years, with the decrease of religious intolerance, political and racial intolerance have increased. Might it not be that in these realms are the issues we now consider most vital? Our modern religious tolerance, therefore, may not so much signify an improvement in the religious spirit, as a decline of religious interest. It might well be that much of our modern broad-mindedness is nothing more or less than shallow-mindedness. Some people are very friendly to any or all religious opinion for the simple reason that they have no religious convictions of their own.

Religiously speaking, a man's mind should be something like a sieve. Some things pass through it, while others are of too large import to go through the mesh. They stick. Some minds, however, religiously speaking, are more like a faucet than a sieve. They provide a hospitable conduit through which all opinions may freely pass. It is a fine thing to have, on occasion, what we call "open house," when all visitors may enter and be entertained. But a house that is constantly open like that would cease to be a home. It would be a museum. There are times when we must shut our doors to all but our closest friends, and there are experiences which even they may not be permitted to share.

I am inclined to think that in matters of religion some moderns have the museum type of mind, doors always open to all sorts and conditions of religious opinions, because "one is as good as the other, anyway." But this indiscriminate "mush of amiability" has nothing to do with religious tolerance. It turns a man into a sort of jelly-fish. It makes him loll about comfortably in all the tides of thought that pass over him, feeling equally at home in one as in the other. This state of mind is not an indication of tolerance, but merely one of unconcern or indifference. It is frightfully easy to be tolerant when nothing is at stake.

Something, however, was at stake in the incident that our text discloses. Very much so. That is why these words of Jesus, "Forbid him not," are significant. For it is only when someone who profoundly believes something can find a common ground with another who as profoundly may believe something else, that anything of religious significance has been achieved in the field of tolerance.

PATHS TO TOLERANCE

Let us then see, in the second place, if we can discover some things that may produce the spirit of true tolerance between those who hold sincere, if differing, religious views.

For one thing, let us always try to like the man, even if we cannot accept his theology. This achievement is a mark of maturity. Too often has our quest for truth degenerated into mud-slinging contests. Such unchristian procedure is, I claim, a lazy man's substitute for thought. It is so much easier to abuse a man by imputing wrong motives to him, than to take the trouble to find out what he thinks and to deal with his views objectively. It did not help the cause of truth for the Roman Catholic church to refer to John Wycliffe as "that organ of the devil, that enemy of the church, that author of confusion . . . that idol of heretics . . . that storehouse of lies . . . that sink of flattery . . . " and so on. Nor did it clarify the issues of the Reformation for Luther to refer to Erasmus as "that reptile" or to Zwingli as "my Judas." It did not help the cause of truth when Calvin dubbed Servetus who taught an exalted doctrine of the mission of Christ, a "villainous cur." We ought to stop this sort of thing. There is far too much of it going on today. It tends to create an emotional fog which makes an objective quest for the truth most difficult.

Now, to be sure, there is a real sense in which a man's ideas or beliefs are inseparable from himself. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." I venture to suggest, however, that there is also a real sense in which the two can be separated. As a matter of fact many a man, when he acts naturally, is often the best refutation of the intolerant aspects of his faith. There is a story that Edwards A. Park, the great teacher of Calvinistic theology, once said to his students that he had a fine system of theology, only he could not preach all of it! Here was a man whose life was apparently better than his theology. It is a strange thing that one will sometimes impute to God certain characteristics from which even our own finer sensibilities revolt.

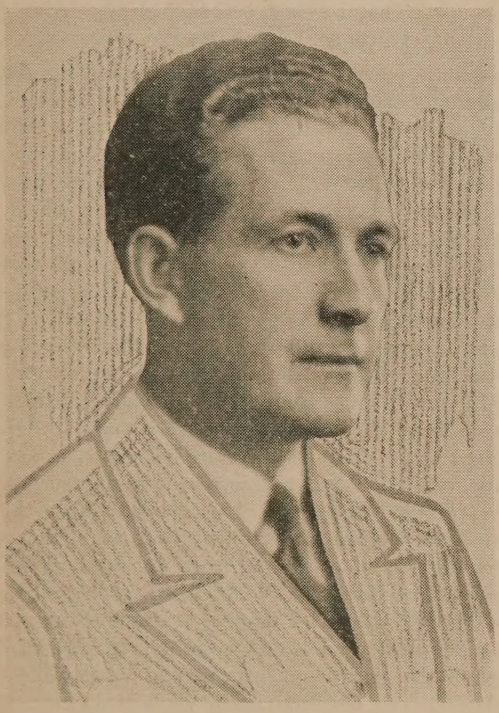
FRIENDSHIP BRIDGES THE GAPS

During my first pastorate in Mount Vernon, New York, I was told that one of the delightful memories of that city was the friendship that developed between one of my predecessors, Dr. William A. Granger, a good Baptist, and a Roman Catholic priest, Father Flynn. An apparently unbridgeable gulf separated these two men, as churchmen, and yet the human hands of friendship were extended across that chasm. I was told that it was a delightful spectacle to see them riding together in a carriage-and-pair, the means of conveyance belonging, no doubt, to Father Flynn!

This incident, of course, has some widely known counterparts. One thinks, for example, of Baron von Hügel and Professor Ernst Troeltsch, separated from

each other by many sea miles in their training, outlook and interests. One a student of mystical piety, the other of social ethics. One a most devout Catholic, the other an equally devout Protestant. And yet we read that few recent friendships have been more striking than theirs. Or one recalls the friendship between Dwight L. Moody and Henry Drummond. They had little in common theologically. One a most orthodox type of evangelical, the other an evangelical who possessed a scientifically trained mind. In spite of this difference of belief, however, they were intimate friends for life. Said Moody after Drummond's death: "Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do his will more fully."

To be sure, we do not want to become too sentimental



HAROLD C. PHILLIPS

about this. It has its limits. It is only a step, but it is an important step. It reminds us that men can find a common language in spite of their different dialects, and that the "communion of the saints" may point the way to the "communion of the sects." As Phillips Brooks once put it: "The real unity of Christendom is not to be found at last in identity of organization, or in identity of dogma . . . but in the unity of spiritual consecration to a common Lord."

This effort to cultivate friendship across the chasms of theological thought is significant also as we try to bridge the racial gap. The story is told of a little boy who one early evening saw a dusky form approaching him. He was frightened and ran in to his mother. It turned out, however, that this man was none other than Jim, who worked for the family. "Oh, Mother," said the child, "I didn't know it was Jim. I thought it was a nigger." Quite so. Many of us who have friends in other races and have discovered in them excellences of mind and of spirit surpassing our own, could never again snugly wrap ourselves in the blanket claim of racial superiority.

NO MONOPOLY ON TRUTH

There is another step on the road to religious tolerance which we must mention. Some groups seem to find this most difficult. Until, however, we do take this step, all talk of tolerance is just that—talk. I mean this: The tolerant man is he who discovers or admits that neither he nor the group he represents has a monopoly on the truth. We cannot copyright truth. Truth is like the sun. It gives one light, but that light can be broken up into many colors. Truth is like a garden. It is beauty, but there are different flowers which reflect differing aspects of that beauty. The sectarian always likes to think that the whole sea is limited to his private beach. To borrow the figure of another, he acts as if the road to the Holy City were a one way street, and that God has appointed him the sole traffic policeman. Real religious tolerance in any group that has this spirit is quite impossible. This is why it is so hard to be tolerant with intolerance. Observe that it was not his failure to get right results that won for this unknown man John's rebuke. Admittedly he was "casting out devils." It was rather the fact that he was not doing it in the orthodox way. "He followeth not with us" and so "We forbade him." "But Jesus said, Forbid him not."

I wonder if the experience of Pentecost may not be a case in point. We are told that the men awaiting the coming of the spirit were all Galileans. They spoke one language. Then the spirit came upon them and they "began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance. . . . And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia," and so on through the list. Surely this is significant. Here was the church coming into being, and the very mark of its birth was not uniformity, but diversity. Men who up to that time had spoken one language began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance. Presumably they were saying the same thing. But they were saying it in different ways. It was not in conformity to one mode of expression, but in consecration to a new way of life, that the spirit led them.

THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT

Now the tolerant man believes in the church of the spirit. He places that above the church as an institution. For this he has good scriptural authority. He does not believe that the sails of his particular institution, denomination, or what not, are broad enough to catch all the winds of the spirit of God, that like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth." He remembers that some of the finest movements in mankind's spiritual history started outside his own particular ecclesiastical group, and indeed some of them entirely outside any church whatsoever. Monasticism, which in spite of all

the absurdities and distortions of its early days, came back in the lives of such men as Benedict and Francis to cleanse the life of the church and of the world, started as a layman's movement, completely outside the organized church. The two classes the early monks feared more than all others were "women and bishops." The tolerant man recalls that the established church of eighteenth century England, which mistook fastidiousness for righteousness, had no room for the Wesleys. He therefore comes to regard truth as being dynamic, not static. In the words of Phillips Brooks, the tolerant man remembers that "truth is larger than his conception of it, and that what seems to be other men's errors, must often be other parts of the truth of which he has only a portion. . . . How good it is that the divine light shines on many mirrors and completes its revelations in no single soul."

We have not yet reached, however, one of the most difficult obstacles in the path of religious tolerance, namely, this: Granting now that there are twelve gates to the city, what if we feel that our particular entrance is the *best* one? I am thinking now of Christianity in its relations with other faiths. "I am the Way," said Jesus; not perchance the *only* way, but, as we Christians believe, the *best* way. What is to be the Christian's attitude to those who seek God by what seems to be a longer, less brightly illumined or less satisfying path?

LET NO MAN BOAST

Presumably in behalf of greater tolerance some moderns hold that we Christians must give up our claim to the superiority of our religion, since such a claim breeds spiritual arrogance and pride. The argument I believe is a specious one. The unique fact of the Christian religion, as differentiated from all other religions, is the incarnation culminating in a cross. The central truth of this fact is God's self-giving love. " . . . That not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast." Now how could any sane man be arrogant about something that he has not *achieved,* but *received,* especially since this gift is not exclusively his own or for his race only, but represents the character of a God who "so loved *the world* that he gave. . . "? But more than that. Granting that there are arrogant "Christians," why identify ecclesiastical pride with the real nature of Christianity? In fairness should we not judge Christianity by the lives of those who have most fully caught its spirit? Where is the spiritual arrogance of Paul, the greatest missionary the church has ever had, this man who became all things to all men, who preached the gospel "with all humility of mind," and died confessing that he was "less than the least"? Where is the spiritual arrogance of Judson languishing in a Burmese prison? The essence of Christianity is the spirit of humility, not pride; self-giving love, not self-asserting superiority. To speak, therefore, of the spiritual arrogance of a follower of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart" is manifestly a contradiction in terms.

It would seem to me, therefore, perfectly possible for a Christian to hold, as I believe he has every right to hold, that in Christ God has made manifest his fullest, most effective and convincing revelation to man and yet to be free from the pride and bigotry which are manifestly obstacles to the spirit of tolerance. How can he do this?

HOW PROVE OUR RELIGION?

Let me use a homely and somewhat inadequate illustration. We are at a restaurant for dinner. I observe that you are eating something the food value of which I question. I grant you the right to your taste, but I have a perfect right to question your diet. Suppose then I am convinced that my food is better than yours, how am I to get you to take it? Well, one way is to reach for a chair and crack your head. The church has used this method, but it does not work. It was a great discovery that old priest made who

> Held, in spite of all his learning,
> That if a man's belief is bad
> It will not be improved by burning.

There is, however, a more excellent way, very simple, exceedingly effective and hence terribly difficult. I can convince you of the superiority of my food by being in better health than you are. I can show you that my food enables me to live a more vital and abundant life; that it gives me strength to attempt tasks from which you turn aside, and to keep going when you falter by the way. This was the method of the early Christians. "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John they took knowledge." The pagan out-persecuted the early Christian, but the early Christians *outlived* the pagans. It was and is *the life* that is the light of men.

My friends, there are all sorts of religious diets in the world today. We Christians believe we have "the Bread of life." We believe that we are heirs to the most dynamic, creative, transforming power in the world—the power of God in Christ. This brings with it the inescapable obligation to share with others in the spirit of humility and sacrifice the truth that we have found. Do we want others to say to us, "Ever more give us this bread"? Then let us give evidence of what that Bread has done and is doing for us. It is by its conquest of the pagan influences of our modern life that the truth of our religion must be vindicated. Once more we must outlive the pagan. Therefore, "Forbid him not"; rather, "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men that they may *see*. . . ."

A CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORDER

For 100 years we have been going out to try to do something noble for other countries across the sea. Now great social orders are marching toward the United States. For over one hundred years we have been establishing great colleges in an attempt to train individuals. May not the time have come as we enter into this new century when the great task of the Christian church and its colleges will be to think once more in terms of social orders, in terms of a Christian social order? May not the time have come to mobilize our Christian forces, not just for training individuals, but for the training of individuals for a great Christian commonwealth, which after all is the commonwealth to which we are committed when we talk about the kingdom of God.

ARTHUR E. HOLT.

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

By Truman B. Douglass

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? Genesis 4:9.

OUR justification for devoting a sermon to this familiar question is to be found in the fact that it remains, for many of us, an unanswered query. Of course we all know the respectable answer. We have all been taught from our youth that we have some responsibility for the well-being of our fellows. But why? After all, why should my neighbor's life be in any way my affair? It is so easy to smother all thinking with a blanket of platitudes, to say that kindness and mercy and generous service are good qualities of character which ought to be cultivated. But why? What makes them good? Some of us are not sure. And we shall never reach a satisfying and convincing answer to this question until we are willing to do the preliminary thinking necessary to finding an honest answer. Let us therefore ask it once more, and ask it in all sincerity. Am I my brother's keeper?

My own thoughts have turned to this question a good many times recently. I confronted it as I visited, after an interval of several years, the slum districts of Chicago and looked upon what is certainly one of the most hideous and depressing sights in America. I said to myself: "Surely this is the concern of Christian people. Surely the church cannot rest until these centers of human misery and degradation are abolished, and human beings in this land of plenty are provided with living quarters at least as decent as those which a self-respecting farmer provides for his cattle and hogs. But why? Why should it trouble me? Why should I expect it to trouble the good people of our church?"

An Affair of Ours?

I asked the question again as a group of us listened to a brilliant young lawyer who has been representing the unemployed citizens of his community in their struggle for a chance to earn a living. He told us how, in the city where he lives, an unemployed single man without dependents has only two choices as to how he shall keep himself alive. Either he must live in a municipal relief station, amid conditions of unspeakable filth, surrounded by influences which will almost certainly break his spirit and consign him permanently to the dregs of society; or, as an alternative, he must undertake to provide himself with shelter, food and clothing on an allowance of five dollars per month. And I thought: "Surely Christian people must concern themselves with this situation which is destroying the lives and the souls of their brothers." But what makes it our affair?

Again the question came to me as I drove along the highway one frosty morning in the state of Tennessee. I stopped my car to offer a ride to a little Negro girl, a child of seven or eight years, who was trudging along on her way to school. She was thinly clad, and she was shivering visibly as she climbed into the car. She told me that it was more than four miles from her home to the schoolhouse, and that she almost always walked the whole distance. As we drove along we passed other Negro children, all walking to school. And at each crossroad I saw a group of white boys and girls, waiting for the bus which would take them to the modern brick schoolhouse across the way from the one-room shack in which the colored children were housed.

Well, why should that bother me? Why should my hands have tightened in anger on the steering-wheel? Why should I have felt like hanging my head in shame for my country because a little black girl walked four miles to school while her white brothers and sisters rode in a bus? Why is it any affair of mine?

A Wrong Philosophy

Once again the question came to me as I turned the switch on my radio one evening not long ago and heard a speaker, whose name I did not stop to learn, telling his listeners how to live in contentment and happiness. The principle which he was recommending at the moment when I joined his audience was that we ought not to let our lives be disturbed by the troubles of other people. Do not try to carry the burdens of the world on your shoulders, he said. Perform the immediate task, extend a helping hand occasionally when the opportunity comes your way, look to the needs of your own family; but do not let the wrongs and griefs of other people come in to spoil your own peace of mind.

What is wrong with that philosophy? Something within us cries out in protest against it. Surely it cannot be reconciled with the professed following of One who did take the wrongs and sufferings of men so terribly to his own heart. But perhaps he was mistaken. Strip away all platitudes and all sentimentalism, and then tell me why under the sun I should care about the welfare of other human beings or trouble myself to promote it. Am I my brother's keeper?

Some of us are not very sure of the answer. We give the conventional reply, but we say it without conviction. Deep in our thoughts is a lingering suspicion that all this concern for others comes under the head of borrowed troubles, and that while it is undoubtedly a pretty idea it had better not be carried too far.

A Basic Problem

Now my purpose in dwelling at such length upon the existence of these doubts is to emphasize what seems to me a basic problem now facing those of us who are interested in humanitarian causes and the creation of a better social order. I am coming to believe that if our efforts to minister to the needs of our fellows are to have behind them the dynamic of strong conviction, we must rethink this whole matter and attempt to discover whether there is any real reason for caring what happens to our brothers and sisters.

We cannot hope to arrive at a complete answer to our question. But we can make a beginning. May I suggest, as a possible contribution to our thinking, three considerations which seem to me to call for an affirmative answer to this question.

I

The first of these considerations is so obvious that it does not need to be argued; but it does need to be brought home to our own conscience. To put it very bluntly, we had better recognize our responsibility for the well-being of our brothers because of what will happen to us if we do not.

There are some areas in which we do appoint ourselves our brother's keeper, and we should not for a moment think of having it otherwise. We know, for example, that we had better be interested in our brother's health. When he contracts a contagious disease we make it our affair, because of what will happen to us if we do not make it our affair. To be sure, our attempts to safeguard the health of our neighbors are still inadequate and sometimes downright stupid. We spend millions of dollars to care for the victims of tuberculosis, but we still permit families to live in one-room tenements where fresh air and sunlight never enter; and we still permit children to be denied sufficient food and thus become easy victims of disease. But despite a good deal of bungling we do accept some responsibility for our brother's health. We've got to. Let the community relax its vigilance, let those who shape community policy say, "This is not our affair"—and they will one day find out that it is their affair.

You remember how Thomas Carlyle impressed this fact upon the mind of his generation by telling the story of the impoverished widow who appealed to her neighbors for help. But they did not help her. Whereupon she sickened and died, but not before she had infected the whole neighborhood with typhus fever, of which seventeen other persons eventually died. After telling the story the forthright Mr. Carlyle added: "She proved her sisterhood. Her typhus fever killed them. They were her brothers even though they denied it."

Again, we know that we had better be concerned, to some extent at least, for our brother's character. Let it fall below a minimum level and it becomes our affair in very obvious ways. Here, also, our sense of responsibility is often expressed in a blundering and ineffective manner. We spend our millions for the control of crime, and begrudge the paltry hundreds spent for its prevention. We perfect vast organizations for the suppression of lawlessness, yet leave its breeding places for the most part unmolested. Yet we do admit, and we do act upon, the assumption that we have some responsibility for the character and conduct of our fellows. We are bound to recognize that responsibility because of what will happen to us if we ignore it.

LEARNING FROM HISTORY

Today we are beginning to realize that our obligation extends far beyond such obvious matters as health and conduct. We are beginning to realize that we must accept responsibility for our brother's economic well-being, for the removal of oppression and exploitation, for the securing of simple justice to great numbers of our fellows who have been denied it. And we are being driven to accept this responsibility, not from sentimental considerations, but because we know that something is going to happen to us if we refuse.

I say we know that something will happen to us, though it must be admitted that we have been incredibly slow about making the discovery. Our blindness to the lessons of history has been altogether beyond understanding. We have seen the patience of the disinherited, and we have assumed that it is inexhaustible. But it is not. We have seen despair and anger increasing daily in the hearts of those who are victimized by senseless injustice and inequality, and we have assumed that they will never do anything about it. But they will.

No one can abhor more than I do the use of violence in effecting social change. My daily prayer is that this nation may be spared the tragic waste and unspeakable horror of class conflict. But it seems to me a most dangerous practice to close our eyes to the plain lessons of history. It seems to me an utterly perilous thing that we should merely deplore the doctrines and actions of the revolutionists without also recognizing and attempting to remove the deep-rooted causes of violence.

Am I my brother's keeper? Well, let us see. Let us put our question in concrete form. Suppose I am a father, convinced that my first duty is to provide for the welfare of my family. In this conviction I labor for the security of my children's future. I acquire property; I make sound investments; I distribute my savings wisely so that if some should be lost there will still be enough to care for the needs of my family. And because I have been wise, industrious and prudent, there comes a time when I am able to rest in the comfortable thought that my children will be secure from want in days to come.

THE PROBLEM OF WEALTH

But suppose, now, that in doing all this I have not concerned myself with the needs of my fellows. Suppose that others who are favored by circumstances or position or ability have been similarly careless. And suppose that during the years when I have been diligently working for the future well-being of my family, resentment, anger and despair have been accumulating in the hearts of the unfortunate until at last, having nothing to lose, they turn to the desperate way of violent revolution. How much of actual security will I have provided for my children? Will the wealth which I have gathered for them be an asset or a liability? For the answer to that question I must refer you to the last fifteen years of Russian history.

No, my friends, security can no longer be achieved in that fashion. The problem of security, for ourselves and for those who are dear to us, is inextricably bound up with this matter of caring for our fellows. There will be no real or permanent security for any of us until we have laid the foundation in just and brotherly relations among men.

Am I my brother's keeper? Have I any responsibility for the well-being of my neighbors? I have. And the first reason is because of what will happen to me and to those I love if I neglect to care.

Now this is what I should call a minimum argument for the brotherly way of life. Frankly, I do not have much confidence in the effectiveness of an appeal to fear. I think it is seldom constructive. But on the other hand, I believe that there are times when we need to stand face to face with the cold facts and the stern logic of

history—when we need to read the moral law in plain and unadorned characters. And that law says we had better care.

II

There is a second reason—and for some of us a much more persuasive reason—for accepting responsibility for our brother's welfare. Some of us find ourselves impelled to give thought to our neighbor's need, not so much because of what will happen *to* us as because of what will happen *in* us if we fail.

I was talking only a few days ago with a gentleman who is associated with one of the most remarkable of all humanitarian organizations, the Friends' Service Society. This organization, which is the social service agency of the Quaker fellowship, has repeatedly found

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its way into fields of helpfulness where no other agency could go. At the close of the war, for example, it was the Friends' Service Society which first went into Germany and began to feed the starving children of that stricken nation. The man of whom I am speaking, who is director of this society, was telling a group of us about the experience of his organization in Germany. In concluding he said: "There is an element of irony in the story. I suppose that most of those babies whose lives we saved have grown up to be ardent Nazis and are today fostering a political system which embodies almost everything to which we Quakers are opposed."

"Well," we asked, "do you think that the people who sent you into Germany and contributed funds to support your work are sorry they did it?"

"No!" he said, emphatically. "Not for a moment! It is far better to help in bringing up ten thousand young Hitlerites than to fail to respond to the cry of human need, or to let sympathy and compassion die in our hearts."

A good answer that!

Why should we care for our brothers? Because when we do not care, something terrible happens within ourselves.

THE AFTERMATH OF SLAVERY

All this became still more clear to me as I was traveling through the South. Who suffered the worst consequences of the slave system? I do not think it was the Negroes, bitter as was their lot. The real victims of slavery were the white masters. When the slave owners established their way of life upon a system of human bondage something terrible happened within themselves—something from which the South has not recovered to this day.

This truth may be stated, of course, in a more positive fashion. Why should we care about our brother's welfare? Because only by caring can we find our way into those experiences which give to life its highest beauty and its deepest meaning. Life—real life—is a costly thing. One has to pay the price. It costs something to enter the richest experiences of joy. The price exacted is a sensitiveness and responsiveness of spirit which feels the hurt of a neighbor's sorrow, and is wounded by the sufferings of men. Until one can suffer with one's fellows one cannot rejoice with them, for the soul is too dull, too leaden.

To know the meaning of love costs something. It is a terrific thing so to merge one's life with the life of another that whatever happens to that person happens to one's self. It is a terrific thing to become so much a part of another life that when, for example, bereavement comes, one's very soul is torn out by the roots. That is what love costs. It means the throwing open of one's life to a whole series of hazards and hurts and frightening possibilities. But what man or woman who has known one perfect love can doubt that it is well worth the price?

So it is with this matter of caring for one's brothers and sisters, wherever they are. It is a costly thing. To those who really care there come times when the wrongs and sufferings of men seem too heavy to bear. But it is the price we pay for fulness of life—for that sensitiveness and responsiveness of soul without which we cannot enter the larger experiences of beauty and joy.

III

There is yet a third reason for recognizing our obligation to our fellows. To some of us it will mean more than to others, but we cannot ignore it in speaking of this matter before a company assembled in a Christian church.

There came to my desk one day a letter from a prominent member of an eastern church. It was addressed to me because of my connection with our new Council for Social Action. It was written to explain why the church to which this person belongs had decided not to support the work of the council. One phrase in that letter awakened an answering echo somewhere in my mind.

"We believe," said the letter, "that the principal aim

of the church is to bring the people to the altar of God." The writer then went on to imply that when the church concerns itself with such matters as race relations, international affairs, and the plight of the unemployed and the poor, it is departing from its historic function.

"BE RECONCILED TO THY BROTHER"

"The aim of the church is to bring the people to the altar of God." As I read the sentence a second time I was strangely conscious that I had once heard another word which was now demanding to be set beside this statement. What was it? Ah! I remembered. Opening my New Testament to the fifth chapter of Matthew I read again those familiar words of the Master: "If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

The aim of the church is to bring the people to the altar of God. Yes, Jesus would have agreed to that. He would have gone much further and would have said that the goal of all life's activities is to find one's way into fellowship with the mind and heart and purpose of God. But something else comes first. There is an indispensable prerequisite. First be reconciled to thy brother; then come to the altar of God.

My friends, that is no arbitrary commandment. It is simply a statement of an unchanging law of sequence. Brotherhood comes first, because it comes first in the natural order of life experience. It comes first in the nature of things—because we cannot love God whom we have not seen until we first love our brother whom we have seen. We cannot hope to find God until we have entered through the door of reconciliation with our fellow men.

SHARING THE LIFE OF GOD

Among Tissot's paintings entitled, "Scenes from the Life of Christ," there is one which attempts to depict what Christ saw from the cross. Upon what vision were his eyes fixed in those last moments? Did he look upon the glories of the heavenly kingdom? Did there come to him some luminous revelation of the face of God? Tissot thought otherwise. What the Master saw from the cross was—just people—the procession of human beings, men, women and children, passing on the road to Jerusalem. Human faces—the faces of his brothers and sisters—upon these his eyes were fixed in that supreme hour.

But I think there was something more, which the artist could not depict. I think the Master must have seen in these human faces the very lineaments of the face of God. In his care for these mortals—all of them, but especially the friendless and the wronged who needed him most—he felt himself to be sharing the life of God, working with God, yes, standing in God's presence.

> Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
> May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
> While he who walks in love may wander far,
> But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

Unrecognized Faith

By Alfred Lee Wilson

Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel. Matthew 8:10.

IT WAS a Roman soldier, though apparently not one of the Mussolini type, of whom Jesus said: "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel." The story out of which this text comes is most interesting and the setting of the story is suggestive. It happened near the beginning of the ministry of our Lord. After his baptism and temptation, as he walked along the shore of Galilee, he saw some men fishing and he called to them: "Follow me and I will make you to become fishers of men." He walked a bit further and finding a tax-gatherer collecting taxes he said to him: "Follow me," and Matthew closed his cash box and followed Jesus. After he had gathered a few followers about him he took them up on the hillside and gave them a sort of inaugural address. He outlined something of the platform of the kingdom which he had come to establish. His message to those disciples, which we ordinarily speak of as "The Sermon on the Mount," is one of the most marvelous pieces of literature ever given to the human race. It contains a philosophy of life, a way of living that has never been surpassed by any other teacher.

Immediately after this experience on the mountain, where Jesus gave them the foundation principles of his kingdom, we read: "When he had come down from the mountain a great multitude followed him, and behold, there came a leper and worshiped him saying: Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately he was cleansed." And then we read: "Jesus, as he entered into Capernaum, saw a centurion coming running and beseeching him saying, My servant is sick. I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but if you say the word, he shall be healed. And Jesus replied, I will, and then turning to the crowd around about him he said: 'Verily I say unto you, I have not seen so great faith, no, not in Israel.' "

JESUS AND ZACCHAEUS

As I read this interesting incident, one of the first things that impress me is the fact that Jesus was always finding faith in the most unexpected places and people. Take for illustration the incident of Zacchaeus, who came into the Master's life. This publican, an outcast with the Jews of his day, was anxious to see Jesus, and being a man of short stature he climbed up into a sycamore tree, by the side of the road where Jesus would pass by, and when Jesus came to him he stopped and said: "Come down, I am going to have dinner at your house today." The man hurriedly came down and said: "I am delighted to have you at my house. I will invite some of my friends for I want them to meet you too." He made a banquet for the Master, but the so-called respectable folk shook their heads and said: "Ah, there is something wrong; either the Master does not know

what a crooked man Zacchaeus is, or else he himself is not just right or he would not go and dine with a publican." But as they sat at the table Zacchaeus said: "Lord, if I have wronged any man, I am going to give him back fourfold; from this time on I am going to give half of my goods to feed the poor." Jesus said: "Today is salvation come to this house." Jesus found in that publican a kind of faith that he did not find in many of those who professed to be his loyal followers.

It is an interesting thing that we, too, find faith in unexpected places. Recently we had in our home for several days a most interesting guest, an old friend of ours who has for many years been a medical missionary in Siam. He is the head of a great hospital there and was for many years a physician to the royal family of

ALFRED LEE WILSON

Siam. This friend of ours, Dr. E. C. Cort, is a graduate of Johns Hopkins and is noted for his success and skill as a surgeon, but still more noted for his marvelous success in living the Christian life. In telling us some of his experiences he dropped this remark: "One of the most Christlike men I have ever known in my life was the late crown prince of Siam, brother of the king of Siam, who recently resigned, and the father of the young twelve-year-old boy who will be crowned king of Siam next month." I asked him to tell me something about this royal crown prince, for it seemed a bit unusual that such a man should appeal to him as the most Christlike man he had ever met. Then he told us a most interesting story. Here is just a bit of it.

CHRISTLIKENESS IN SIAM

This crown prince, who died about two years ago, at the early age of thirty-two or thirty-three, was born in the royal palace of Siam. He was a multimillionaire in his own name. Brought up in the Buddhist faith he was undoubtedly greatly influenced by his contact with Christian missionaries from whom he had learned much of what Christianity really is. When the young man had finished his education in Siam and in England he told his father, the king, that he had made up his mind that he wanted to study medicine; because, he said, in that way he could be of the best service to his people. It was an unheard of thing for a man of the royal family to study medicine. He had lived in the atmosphere of a palace; whenever servants approached him they must get down on their hands and knees and crawl to him. It seemed unthinkable that such a man should go out and mingle with the sick and the suffering as a physician. But he came to this country and graduated from Harvard Medical School—second in his class. When he went back to Siam he dedicated his life to the physical well-being of his own people. His father, the king, said: "Here is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I want you to build a palace." But the young prince replied: "I don't want a palace; anyhow, if I wanted one, I could build one myself, for I have plenty of money. But I'll tell you what we need; we need a new wing on the hospital here in Bangkok and I would much rather you would take that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and build a wing to the hospital." The king did as the prince requested.

NO CORNER ON SAINTHOOD

Then the young crown prince came to Chiengmai where my friend, Dr. Cort, has the wonderful missionary hospital. He said to Dr. Cort: "I would like to be an interne in your hospital, if I may, to learn the best methods of treating the sick." And so Dr. and Mrs. Cort took the crown prince into their own modest missionary home where he lived as one of the family. He became an interne in that mission hospital. After he had learned the methods of that hospital he went back to Siam to establish a new health regime, scientific and modern, for the benefit of his people.

Dr. Cort reported that; one day at the dinner table where they were discussing religion in a general sort of way, the crown prince said: "Dr. Cort, if you Christians would only live your religion, it would sweep the world; there is nothing else like it." Just a while before he died he came to help dedicate a new wing in the mission hospital. One of the royal family said to him: "Prince, you are spending so much time and interest with those Christians in their medical missions, the first thing you know you'll be a Christian yourself." And the crown prince replied: "Well, why shouldn't I?"

I can well understand why Dr. Cort should say that this crown prince of Siam, with a Buddhist background, but with a heart in tune with the spirit of the great Physician, appealed to him as one of the most Christlike man he had ever known. Faith is still found in the most unexpected places.

This discovery of faith in unexpected places and unexpected people does two things for us. First, it binds us the more closely to all our fellow men; and second, it binds us the more closely to Him who is the Father of all mankind.

Perhaps most of us are inclined to think of faith as

to be found only in our own particular group. "We forbade him because he followed not us," said the disciples to the Master. Today it is not very often that you find a Jew paying tribute to a Catholic saint, or a Catholic rejoicing in the sainthood of a Protestant, or a Protestant paying homage to a Catholic saint; and yet, it is an interesting fact that saints are more or less equally divided. No one has a monopoly on sainthood and I for one am glad that all the great heroes of the faith are not Jews, nor are they all Catholics, nor are they all Protestants. I am glad that neither the Methodists, nor the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Episcopalians have any corner on sainthood. In one of the great state universities of the middle west the students were recently asked to vote upon the question, who was the most Christlike character on the campus. It was a rather significant thing that when the votes were counted the boy who received the largest number of votes was a Jewish lad. No, faith is not limited by class, or color, or creed. "God has made of one blood all nations of the earth," and that very fact, I say, ought to draw us closer to all our fellow men.

This discovery of faith in so many unexpected places and people not only draws us closer to all mankind, but certainly it ought to draw us closer to Him who is the Father of us all. Such faith found in so many places makes it easier for us to believe in the Great Reality back of this faith. Dr. Archer, in his interesting little book, "Youth in This Believing World," points out how religion has developed from its more or less crude form in the savage—with his black magic, his white magic, his taboos, and the rest—up through to what we believe to be its finest expression in the life and faith of the Christian of today. He points out that that faith, whether it expresses itself in the primitive ways of the savage who worships the Great Spirit, or in the more intellectual aspect of the scholar who bows before the Deity, each gives evidence of the assurance of the Reality which is back of this faith.

FAITH IN MANY GUISES

This faith may find its expression in many different ways. It comes from the heart of the Psalmist as he stands beneath the open skies and says: "The heavens declare the glory of God." It may find its expression in the soul of the poet who, standing beneath the great trees of the forest, says: "Only God can make a tree." Or it may find its expression in such an unexpected place as in the speech of Robert Ingersoll, who, standing by his brother's grave, said: "Life is a narrow veil between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the night of death, Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Let us rejoice in that faith which is found in so many unexpected places and people, a faith that binds us to our fellow men, helping us to realize that "Like unto coins we are, some good, some bad, but every one of us stamped with the image of the King." But more than that, may it bind us the closer to Him who is the Great Reality back of this often undiscovered faith.

What Is Brotherhood?

By Earl H. Thayer

All ye are brethren. Matthew 23:8.

THE brotherhood of man is usually based on the fatherhood of God. That sounds a bit too biological. It is a little too general and external. Is there not something in the race itself on which brotherhood can rest? We may think of men as walking, talking animals hurt by the same instruments, tickled by the same feathers, having the same urges and impulses, motivated by the same stimuli, having the same experiences and hopes, subject to the same laws of growth, yet in all these things we find individuals who differ. Nevertheless brotherhood must rest on our common humanity.

Outside the family, two friends, like Jonathan and David, may express the spirit of brotherhood. Here is mutual understanding and love; here are common interests; here are mutual admiration and interchange of intellectual and emotional gifts; but they are limited. Sometimes brotherhood is based on certain principles of conduct or goals of interest. They may be formal like that great fraternity "The Mystic Knights of the Sea"; or moral, like some of our lodges; or utilitarian, like the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, with rules of conduct becoming a brother of that limited organization. In early Christianity, brotherhood found its most complete realization. Here were common experiences, interests, mutual love and understanding, and they had all things in common. But in the larger sense the brotherhood of man has not been approximated and is in no sense a reality. All we can say is that there should be good will, understanding and toleration, with service and helpfulness as a principle of conduct. Universal brotherhood is an ideal, a hope.

> The crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's final star is Brotherhood. . . .
> Our hope is in heroic men,
> Star-led to build the world again.
> To this event the ages ran:
> Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man!

THE CURSE OF PREJUDICE

There are two things that war against brotherhood. One is *prejudice*. Prejudice condemns a man not because of what he is but because of his nationality, race or creed, opposition to which may be unreasoned. Prejudice usually is unreasoned. Every man has a right to be judged on the grounds of his own worth rather than on the grounds of preconceived notions of what his nationality or creed may be. He has the right to be judged for what he is rather than by dominant events in his country. I would dislike to have America judged by the record of lynchings or kidnapings, or by certain religious expressions which we find here, or even by the conduct of many tourists who go to Europe. Even our best representatives, the ones who give the Christian interpretation—the missionaries—doubtless leave a one-sided impression which is to our advantage until disillusionment comes.

Prejudice, however, locks the door against reason.

It is one of those logic-tight compartments that give the mind its bias. It is not a native trait. All prejudices are acquired. Usually they come from the environment. No child has a prejudice against another because of his color, nationality or creed until he is taught it. White children play with colored, Arabs with Jews—as one who had just returned from a year in Jerusalem told us—and Americans play with foreigners until the differences are magnified by their elders. If the race could forget past teachings and differences, people would live together more peaceably. It has been said more than once that if Germany and France and other European countries could forget past history their relationships could be more amicably adjusted. It is fear, suspicion and hate that foster prejudice.

PREJUDICE AGAINST "FOREIGNERS"

There is an exception, however, to what has just been said. A child may build up prejudices because of a few unfortunate experiences with a few misrepresentatives of the nation, race or creed. Even as an adult, I came back from Europe with certain impressions of the English, German and French that in one case were complimentary, in another not so fortunate, yet I realize how unfair it is to judge a race by such contacts. So far as psychological studies have demonstrated, there probably is no essential difference in emotional or temperamental traits and no difference in mentality among the races. I have been told that all Chinamen look alike, but my experiences in a Chinese Sunday school revealed characteristic qualities of human nature and individual differences not unlike those of Americans.

The foolishness of these prejudices was illustrated in the film, "As the Earth Turns." A foreign family moves by means of the covered wagon into an American farming community in the dead of winter to take up their abode in a barn. A city-bred woman, who, with her daughter, has come to the country to live with her farmer husband as his second wife, sees them pass and slurringly refers to them as French. When it turns out that they are Polish, they are foreigners anyway—something she cannot tolerate. However, the contrast between the hard-working, good-natured, fun-loving Polish family and the snippy, self-centered and unhappy farmer's city-loving wife is marked, as well as that between the country-loving, ambitious, pure-minded Polish lad and the silly vamp of a daughter belonging to the unhappy woman.

MINOR AND MAJOR LOYALTIES

Prejudice denies us the joys of life and is unjust to others. Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell says: "Prejudice feeds on a belief in counter-prejudice. One notices, when talking to those who hold a prejudice, that they always have in the back of their minds the feeling that the people against whom they have a prejudice hold a prejudice against them, and that is the origin, the support and the strength of their own prejudice. If we could all get rid of this obsession of others' prejudice against us, we should be surprised by the fading of the prejudice out of our own hearts." If we are to have brotherhood, prejudice must go.

The second thing that militates against universal brotherhood is our *minor loyalties*. We are in danger of having our virtues become vices. A person may be so loyal to one individual that he becomes cruel to others. He may be so loyal to some belief or doctrine that he cannot tolerate a person who holds a different view no matter how worthy he may be. I have in mind such a person, whose virtues were his vices. His loyalty to me and to principle made him intolerant of others. Those Christians who fight over the sacred places in the Holy Land are of this type. They are loyal to the name but forget the spirit. There are times when we are so concerned with the secondary that the major truth is neglected. Now it has been suggested that the remedy lies in "higher loyalties" and the following major loyalties have been suggested: loyalty to the American ideal of freedom—religious, political and economic freedom; loyalty to the world neighborhood ideal; loyalty to the human ideal of respect for personality; loyalty to the highest spiritual ideal—loyalty to God. These loyalties are not mutually exclusive nor can I say that they are not somewhat antagonistic, but perhaps they furnish necessary limits or correctives to one another. Consider them as regulative principles.

EARL H. THAYER

LOYALTY TO THE IDEAL OF FREEDOM

Take the ideal of American freedom! What is it religiously? Is it not the right to worship God according to one's own conscience—in one's own way without let or hindrance from others? The arm of government is not to be used as the strong arm of the church for the defense or maintenance of the church. Therefore we oppose the division of public funds for sectarian purposes as an encroachment upon this principle. Toleration, however, becomes the law of the land and makes

for brotherhood, for the reason that it puts us all on an equal footing.

What of political freedom? Is it not the right of self-government? No individual has the right to govern without the consent of the governed. That is, the foundation of our government is in the rule of the majority. It developed out of a situation of taxation without representation. The power to tax is a powerful weapon. It may destroy a nation. In the Middle Ages no king had that right. In handing over this right to a group the nation takes a great risk. Political freedom is the power to exercise the franchise and have a voice in the government and to determine collectively regulative principles. Loyalty to the nation as a whole, not to any particular group or interest, is the essence of political freedom.

What is economic freedom? It is the right of every man to choose his own occupation or pursue it and to live without exploitation or enforced servitude. Is it not also the right of an individual to earn a living and a little more? If so, how can it be worked out? How can the freedom of one man be secured without limiting the freedom of another? Perhaps our ideal of freedom is not economically correct. The greatest good to the greatest number is a recognized principle. I do not profess to know the answer, and space of time and the range of this subject exclude an attempt here, but there is need of careful thinking and planning. My freedom must not be another man's prison. The American ideal seems to be the largest liberty consistent with the welfare of the greatest number. The larger loyalty, freedom for the greatest number, would be regulative.

WORLD NEIGHBORHOOD IDEAL, AND RESPECT FOR PERSONALITY

Take loyalty to the world neighborhood ideal. This has been well set forth in the parable of the Good Samaritan. If nations should treat each other on this basis it would help solve the question of armaments and make peace more of a reality. In this world of intercommunication and mutual interests, every race and nation is a neighbor in need of the ministries and helpful considerations of the others. This ideal comes close to, or approximates, the meaning of human brotherhood. Loyalty to this brotherly ideal would break down many barriers.

In any conception of brotherhood respect for personality is fundamental. It was here that Jesus laid considerable emphasis. Read the Sermon on the Mount and see how he guarded personality; how he condemned those who belittle it; how he sought its integrity until it expressed itself in highest love, including within its range one's enemies. Every individual has rights which must be respected. He must have an opportunity of self-expression and he must be judged on his own merits, not on the shortcomings of the nation or creed to which he belongs. He must be regarded as a man not to be exploited but served, not enslaved but given opportunity, not degraded but as having high possibilities. Jesus' conception of personality would take out of the world much immorality and many inhuman attitudes toward other peoples, as well as that tendency to seek dominance for personal aggrandisement.

LOYALTY TO GOD

Behind these loyalties is an all-inclusive loyalty—loyalty to the spiritual ideal—loyalty to God. But men have different ideas about God. The concept itself is too general. We need something more definite and we have it. It is given to us by and in the person of Jesus. To Catholic, Jew and Protestant, Christ is the concrete, the revealer of God, the ideal for man. You are surprised at the inclusion of the Jew. True, he does not believe in the historical Jesus but he believes in the theological Christ. He may not believe in Jesus as the Messiah but he believes in the idealized Jesus, the Christ to come. I heard a rabbi speak on the second coming of Christ. He talked as a Christian would. His thoughts coincided with the modernist position, namely, that it is a coming of the spirit of Christ in the world. Therefore Christ becomes for Jew, Catholic and Protestant an ideal to be realized in each individual.

Life is a great mountain with an ideal at the top toward which all three are climbing. The Jew approaches from the east as in the morning of the day with his eyes toward the zenith, hoping to realize the ideal; the Catholic approaches from the north with a ritualism, shall we say, cold in the sense of fixed, in which Christ is the great high priest but nevertheless the goal of attainment, or the one through whom salvation is won. The Protestant approaches from the south, warmed and drawn by the moral grandeur of the Christ and presses on toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. As these ascend the mountain of experience the differences between them narrow until at the top they find no East nor West, no North nor South, no Greek nor Barbarian, no male nor female, no bond nor free; but all are one in him.

DIFFERENCES AND SIMILARITIES

We have had a tendency to magnify our differences and minimize our similarities. We should reverse the order. Professor Emery S. Bogardus has listed the differences and the similarities of the three faiths that grew out of round table discussions by representatives of the three groups.

Here are the differences: differences in church organizations, doctrines, and forms of worship; differences in church traditions, and historical clashes; the fact that each group believes it is the most important expression of religion in the world; the fact that the members of each group tend to generalize more on the unfavorable reports about the other groups than on the favorable reports; the fact that each reacts against the proselytizing on the part of others; the fact that racial prejudices tend to augment religious differences; the fact that social, political and occupational discriminations augment religious differences.

You will notice that the differences are due largely to prejudice and egotism or loyalty to one's point of view.

Here are the similarities: There are worthy and unworthy representatives of religion in all three groups; all believe in the primacy of religion and a spiritual life; each group believes in God (definitions may differ); each believes that ethical elements are essential in religion; each believes in the Golden Rule of do unto

others as you would be done by; each believes in the capacity of human nature to grow and develop religiously; each group believes in the general sacredness of human life; each believes in the necessity of worship; each recognizes the need for religious education; all have social service programs and emphasize such factors as economic and racial justice and world peace.

The similarities, you will notice, depend largely upon fundamental loyalties. There are and will continue to be differences of interpretation but if we keep Christ as the end of our endeavor we shall the more quickly realize human brotherhood.

Where human lives are thronging
In toil and pain and sin,
While cloistered hearts are longing
To bring the Kingdom in,
O Christ the Elder Brother
Of proud and beaten men,
When they have found each other,
Thy Kingdom will come then.

Thy ransomed host in glory,
All souls that sin and pray,
Turn toward the cross that bore thee;
Behold the man! they say.
And while thy Church is pleading
For all who would do good,
We hear thy true voice leading
Our song of brotherhood.

HOW DOES YOUR CHURCH MEET THESE FIVE TESTS?

1. Has the church done anything differently during the past year?

2. Has the inspiration for these new things come solely from the top down—from the minister—or has it, time and again, come from the group members themselves?

3. During the last year, let us say, has the group concerned itself with anything outside the church itself?

4. How many members belong to the prejudice-forwarding groups, groups that breed hatred through a distortion of fact? On the other hand, how many members belong to groups that are organized for the deliberate purpose of finding out the truth about human matters?

5. Is this particular church tribal-minded? How many members belong to world associations—associations for promoting world peace, for developing the international mind?

H. A. Overstreet.

Start where you are and follow what you see. Christianity is an adventure. Like friendship it is capable of being intellectually formulated, but primarily it is an experiment in living to be tried. If the Master himself saw you perceiving in him no more than you do perceive but wanting to try the venture of following him and applying his principles to life, he would rise on you like the sun in his encouragement, saying, start where you are.

H. E. Fosdick.

Christianity a Religion of Work

By J. Elliott Ross

My Father worketh until now: and I work. John 5: 17.

RIGHTLY considered, modern scientific development gives us a profounder conception of God, because it gives us a better idea than heretofore of the inexhaustible activity of God. In enlarging indefinitely the limits of the universe created by God, we have enlarged our understanding of the Creator's power.

No longer is our comparatively tiny world imagined to be the center of creation. Our earth and sun and planets are known to be only specks of dust in the great cosmos around us. With improved telescopes our vision stretches out for millions of miles to some star never gazed upon before. The intervening space we know is filled with countless worlds.

And at the same time that the universe is bigger to us than was ever dreamt of by our forefathers, we have opened up in every particle of matter whole microcosms surpassing their wildest imaginings. Wonderfully delicate microscopes have shown us millions of creatures in every drop of water.

Furthermore, the universe thus expanded at both ends has also been extended to unimaginable lengths of time. All this activity has been going on not merely for six, or eight, or ten thousand years as was formerly supposed to have been revealed. The origin of our earth has been placed by scientists at millions of years ago. And yet long before this diminutive bubble of a petty twenty-five thousand miles in girth broke from our sun and started coursing through space as a separate entity—long before our sun broke from some larger sun—the great creative force of God had been working for innumerable eons of years.

GOD IN EVERY ATOM

And when science has taken us thus far in enlarging our conception of God as Creator, philosophy steps in to help us still more. The Author of this unimaginably complicated microcosm and macrocosm is not some absentee mechanic who has set the wheels of the universe in motion, and who now stands aside idly watching this huge machine, or is interested in some new toy. The Creator continues, in a sense, to create. He is constantly exerting the same power to keep the universe in existence that he did to originate it.

There have been fables about each star having its own angel to guide it through space. But in a real sense, each star has God to guide it. For God is present everywhere by his knowledge, by his power, and by his essence. The slightest happening of the tiniest atom, or ion, or whatever may the latest ultimate of science, and the immense cosmic storms of which we see but a faint reflection in sunspots or other solar disturbances are all known to him. As Pope puts it in his "Essay on Man":

He sees with equal eye as God of all
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

It is God's power that supports both the bacillus and the elephant. The attraction of one atom for another and the comet sweeping across our vision once a century both obey his law. And this knowledge and this power are not from without, but there is knowledge and power because God is immanent in his universe. No place is too big or too small, no being is too large or too tiny for the interpenetration of his essence. God is whole and entire everywhere, and everywhere he is force, energy, power, work. "My Father worketh until now; and I work," said Christ.

Back of all this unceasing activity is love—outgoing, diffusive, all-embracing love. As Chesterton has daringly said, it was not good for God to be alone. The self-sufficient, all-perfect God could not rest self-contained, but must communicate himself to others. He must let others share in his perfections from the simple existence of a sand grain to the intensest life of the highest angel. God must love and God must work. For love without good works is dead.

And God's overmastering love did not simply create the world to turn it adrift. "For God so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son." Christ, the Second Person of the blessed Trinity, became man to teach us how to love and how to serve. The birth which we celebrate at Christmas was but the beginning of a life of unparalleled service. And the great lesson standing out in Christ's life is that true love means a continual serving.

NO LOVE WITHOUT WORK

We who wish to model our lives after that of Christ must love and serve. Both are implied. We cannot love without working; but we must not merely work, we must work because we love. There must be the love of God and the love of neighbor. Our religion must conform to the standard of St. James: "This, then, is religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their tribulation: and to keep one's self unspotted from this world."

If every Christian had lived up to this definition of St. James, how different would be the world today! And because the world is what it is, men say that Christianity is a failure. The tremendous amount of misery and sin in nations calling themselves Christian makes us almost share such an opinion. The difficulty in the way of doing anything to stop this stream of physical and moral wreckage is so insuperable, that we feel sometimes that the only cure will be to sweep the whole of modern civilization away, as previous civilizations have been swept away when they became too rotten. History, as Heinrich Pesch says, has only one way of arguing—the *reductio ad absurdum*—and she has proved in the past that a civilization in which vice and corruption flourish to the extent they do among us cannot long endure.

But Christianity is not a failure, because it has never been tried on any large scale. It is we who have failed, because we have never really tried to live according to the dictates of Christ. Have you kept the Ten Commandments perfectly? Have you made the eight beatitudes the governing principles of your lives? Has Christianity meant to you a deep, overmastering love that must express itself in service for others? Seeing the poverty and injustice rampant in the world, have you been priests and levites passing by on the other side of the road, or have you been good Samaritans? If Christ were on earth today, would he point to his nominal followers as formalists, and would he choose socialists or communists as examples of real brotherly love?

CHRISTIANITY HAS NOT FAILED, WE HAVE

It is not Christianity that has failed, but Christians. They have failed to live up to the implications of their religious profession. Too generally have they been of those who said, "Lord, Lord," without doing the will of the Father who is in heaven. Christians have given lip service to Christ, but their actions have denied him. The greatest enemies of Christianity have not been fanatical agnostics or atheists, not unscrupulous politicians, but her own children. The most dangerous undermining of Christianity is accomplished by those who make it consist in mere external forms of worship instead of in visiting the fatherless and the widows; who separate the first of the two greatest Commandments from the second and think to love God without loving their neighbor.

But the only indication we can ever have that we love God is that we love our neighbor. Those people who judge us and our religion by the amount of practical good we do, are really applying Christ's criterion of fruits. If we are really Christians, followers of Christ, we must love our neighbors as ourselves, we must do unto others as we would have them do unto us, until earnest observers are forced to exclaim: See how these Christians love all men—rich and poor, old and young; white and colored, American, European, Asiatic; Protestant, Jew, and Roman Catholic. See how earnestly these Christians are laboring to make conditions better, to build sanitary dwellings, to ward off unnecessary sickness, to eliminate pauperism, to alleviate all human suffering; in short, to bring God's kingdom upon earth.

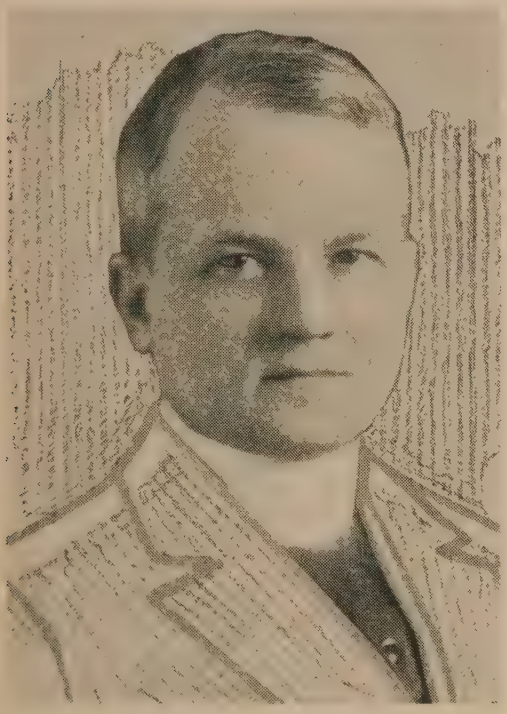
That is the kind of Christians we must be, rather than that other kind whose religion consists in mere verbiage. We must not live upon the reputation of our ancestors in religion. But unfortunately, there are those who claim credit for Christianity's abolishing slavery, yet do nothing today to mitigate child labor and wage-slavery; they boast of what Christianity did to elevate the position of woman, yet do nothing to ameliorate the condition of working-women.

OUR FATHERS AND WE

A knowledge of what Christianity has done in the past is good, but this should be an inspiration to spur us on to emulate its glorious deeds ourselves, not an excuse for resting upon the accomplishment of previous generations. No one who has grasped the meaning of God's never resting energy can doubt what he desires of us; no one who has understood the lesson of Christ's life of service can help knowing what he would do. Christ never wrote a word; his whole life was spent in doing. When the disciples of John the Baptist came

asking who he was, he indulged in no long argument from the prophets, in no dependence on what Moses or someone else had done, but he simply pointed to his own work. The deaf hear, said Christ, the blind see, the lame walk, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

As Christians we want to convert the world, but the way to convert the world is not by writing learned theological treatises, it is not by indulging in complicated controversies about grace or the Trinity. The great work of conversion is not done in this way. People are seldom converted by printer's ink. It was not controversies that converted the pagan world, but the lives



J. Elliott Ross

that wrung from persecutors the involuntary tribute: See how these Christians love one another.

And we who are trying to walk in Christ's footsteps must apologize for our faith in the same way, must point to our works. For love is God, and God is love, and love is the essence of Christianity—a love that goes out in works, that spends itself in laboring for others without counting costs, without asking for reward. In a very true sense we can say it is love that makes the tides to flow, the seasons to follow one another, that makes the sun to rise and keeps the planets in their courses, that has made God's creative force bring each one of us into existence. We cannot live as Christians unless we are in tune with this law of God's love, by ourselves loving—and we cannot love unless we work. If any man say that he is serving his fellows and yet does not love God, he is not doing the best and most effective work; if any man say that he loves God and does not serve his brethren, in the short and ugly word of St. John, he lies.

It is true that we cannot by a mere word make the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, as could Christ. But we can utilize all the means of modern medical science to minister to the needs of suffering humanity. Our religious hospitals should be the finest in the world. No man should have to go without the best medical attention because Christian charity has not provided for him. We should not pass carelessly by on the other side of the street, the other side of the city, while thousands lie half dead waiting for someone to help.

REMEDIAL AND CREATIVE CHARITY

But great as is remedial charity, I think that there is a higher form. The lawyer who heckled Christ might have asked not only, "Who is my neighbor," but, more penetratingly, "What is love?" It is an admirable thing to bind up the wounds of a man set upon by gangsters; it is a nobler thing still to organize society in such a way that gangsters cannot ply their trade. It is an admirable thing to care for those maimed in industry; it is nobler still so to arrange industry that men will not be maimed. It is an admirable thing to relieve the distress of the unemployed; it is a still nobler thing so to organize society that there will be no unemployed.

That is to say, preventive charity is higher than remedial charity. It is better to prevent sickness and accidents and unemployment than to wait until they have taken their toll, and then to step in with charitable remedies. Surely after nineteen hundred years of Christianity we should have made greater progress in this direction. If we have not, it is because too many persons calling themselves Christians have been such only in name. I do not think there are many even nominal Christians who would pass by a wounded man lying in a ditch, but there are a great many who do not have imagination enough to see that certain conditions will lead to thousands of men being wounded, and that they should set about removing those conditions.

SERVICE THE ONLY TEST

If all the fairly good people in any of our cities had sufficient imagination and courage, they could clean up all the gangsters and racketeers. They could make the road from Jericho to Jerusalem safe for travel. They could make the paths of industry safe from racketeers, safe from the unnecessary risks of industry to employes. Christians should be Good Samaritans not only in relieving the distress that we shall always have; they should be better than the Good Samaritan in preventing all unnecessary distress.

"My Father worketh until now; and I work." Christianity is a religion of work. Everyone calling himself a Christian should be able to take upon his own lips those words of Christ: "And I work." When the disciples of this world come asking who you are, be able to point to your works: The lame, and the deaf, and the blind have every possible care; and better still, work to reorganize society to such an extent that much lameness, and deafness, and blindness will be prevented. In this age of plenty, so arrange society that everyone will have enough through the opportunity of earning a decent living. The highest charity is the elimination of the need of most remedial charity; the highest justice is to prevent the wrong before it happens.

'Of One Blood'

By J. Stanley Durkee

" . . . and God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts 17:20.

THE unity of humanity is an indisputable fact. We may prove it chemically. Take a drop of blood flowing free and unmixed for a thousand years from the veins of a black man, a white man and a yellow man; label each so that you will know which is the white, which the black, which the yellow. Now give those drops of blood over to a chemist and ask him to tell you which one was white, which black, and which yellow. Here is the startling result: there is not a man who has ever lived, who lives today, or possibly ever will live, who can tell by any process which drop of blood belonged to which race. In saying this, you are but repeating a statement made by St. Paul and recorded in the Book of the Acts, which says: " . . . and God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

We could prove it biologically. Chemists would tell quickly whether the blood you presented was human blood or the blood of animals; the demarcation is instantly discovered. There have been known cases of man and animal producing offspring, but those offspring are always sterile; nature guards well that purity of the human blood. Man and woman, on the other hand, of any race or clime or condition may mate, and their children will have power of reproduction. The white may mate with the black, the yellow with the brown, the black with the red, or the yellow with the white, and children will be born who may themselves become fathers and mothers of another generation. This, too, is a startling comment upon the fact that God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

HOW CLANNISHNESS DEVELOPS

We could prove that fact religiously. Men and women, boys and girls, of whatever race or clime or condition, have the same yearnings, the same heartaches, the same reachings of hand and thought out through the curtains, that they may find eternal truth in an eternal world around them. They have the same loves, the same hopes, the same fears. They have the same cravings for God and the common good—or translating it into the sociologist's language "the consciousness of kind" is as vital to man as the consciousness of self.

Turn to whatever path of investigation we will, there is that truth and we face it—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

That human blood gets thickened into clannish groups. Custom, habit, language, peculiarities of living —all these things aid in differentiating groups of people. Ere long these groups become race conscious, and have pride in themselves as distinct from other groups or races. Ere long that race consciousness grows into a fool's sense of superiority, and one racial group takes to itself that most disgusting sense of superiority over every other race group. In its turn, we find that every race has possessed that superiority complex. The black peoples had it in their great days in Egypt and in their migrations around the shores of the Mediterranean, long before earliest history is recorded. The yellow race had it thousands of years before the white race was even known. And strangely enough they possess it today. Japan is just now reiterating that every Japanese is born of the gods and is therefore superior to every other person on the earth. The white race, especially since the discovery of America, has discovered its superiority in an amazing degree.

Now all these bloods group up into French, Italian, German, Jew, Spanish, English and so on throughout

J. Stanley Durkee

the races and nations of the world. Each group develops characteristics distasteful to the other groups. The German has characteristics that make him persona non grata to French, to English, to Spanish, to Italian. The English have developed characteristics which affront other races. The Jew has developed characteristics which so often make him an Ishmaelite on the face of the earth.

COMMON SENSE DICTATES UNITY

But we are all of one blood, and common sense would dictate that we study each other, understand one another's weaknesses and strengths, understand our own weaknesses and strengths and seek always to do only those things which will advance concord and universal happiness.

We have departed a long way from the original design of God. We are now dimly seeing that we must have a synthesis of our characteristics as a human fam-

ily and come together in one great brotherhood; we must come back to our historical sense of beginnings; we must choose our common-sense way of handling our problems; we must take up our religious sense of the fact that we are all children of God and hence brothers and sisters of one another.

I wish the American characteristics did not so affront the nations of Europe and Asia. I wish the English characteristics did not irritate other peoples. I wish the Jewish characteristics were not so often an annoyance and irritation. But what of all this, save that we know that none of us is perfect!

True brotherhood, like the Nile brimming over the fields, brings a flood of joy and a rich deposit of faith in the common heart. Our poet Wordsworth brings us to the brotherhood of nature. Tennyson brings us to the brotherhood of pain. Browning brings us to the brotherhood of power. Whittier brings us to the brotherhood of peace. Homer brings us to the brotherhood of beauty. Isaiah brings us to the brotherhood of yearning. The Jewish people have been the fountain of beauty, poetry and religion.

JESUS AND BROTHERHOOD

Jesus Christ, the greatest of all Jews, the greatest of all human beings, brings us to the brotherhood of man. As someone has truly said, Jesus Christ would be debarred from Germany today because he is a Jew and Mary his mother would be frowned upon and persecuted because she is a Jewish mother. Yet the old Fatherland professes to have its life molded and shaped by Jesus Christ of Nazareth and asks of its womanhood no greater glory than the glory of Mary.

The time has come to pull down our Bastilles of superstition, race pride and religious bigotry. The man who has climbed to the Idalian spring, comes down benevolent. He will live in the serenity of greater vision and deeper insight. One cannot feel beneath one's feet this old earth trodden by the great generations of men and women who have accomplished so much for

A Pastoral Prayer

By Frederick W. Norwood

GRANT us to think splendidly of Thee while we worship and very little about ourselves. For ourselves have no significance apart from Thee. It is Thou who givest significance to our being, to our circumstance, to our fortune, and we have discovered that it is what we think of Thee, whether consciously or unconsciously, that sets the tone of our lives. If we think meanly of Thee, life shrinks and becomes mean. If we think nobly of Thee, life expands and becomes more noble. We are in Thee and Thou art in us. Thou hast given us being; Thou hast kindled in us the flame of Thine own life and our souls are forever turning back to Thee, striving up toward Thee. But life around us is full of confusing details and crushing circumstances and we forget.

Therefore we thank Thee for these moments of leisure and of peace in which we may pray. We would that our prayer might scarcely turn into speech but might rise from our hearts towards Thee like an invisible vapor, so that all things within the range of our experience may be changed and modified and enhanced, so that dull things may glow in the light of eternity and dark things may inspire us with the challenge of their darkness till out of them breaks out the light of the everlasting, so that simple things may become dignified, and pretentious things may be humbled, so that it may be while we worship, as it has been sometimes when we have been upon some sun-kissed, wind-swept eminence; not by any processes of thought but rather by an innate feeling of harmony we have expanded in mind and in spirit and have known ourselves as part of a quick and wonderful universe.

Forgive us that on many days and in so many hours we go through life as though we were looking through a microscope, scanning the lineaments of trifling everyday things and all but impervious to the eternal, to the sublime. O Lord, let the glory of God be upon our spirits that each of us may interpret Thy truth even from the place where he stands, for we bless Thee that Thou hast not only one or a few prescribed ways of approach, but every circumstance in life, every temptation, every experience is itself an avenue that leads unto the throne of grace. Lord, perhaps Thou couldst do no better for any one of us than if suddenly the thing with which we were absorbed should become aflame with the significance of God. We pray Thee that our minds and spirits may be attuned unto eternal things so that whether we are conscious of it or not we may have some witness to give of Thy glory, and of the reality of Thy grace.

We would that all over the world, in these critical days, the thoughts of men far away from the scene of crisis might be turned unto Thee, O God, and unto righteousness and peace; and we would that, somehow, the influence of the world's thinking and praying might descend like dew upon those troubled spheres where the wills and passions of men may be clashing this day. And, we beseech Thee, Lord, that amidst inevitable clash there may be a surging forward towards greater fellowship, greater peace, greater stability; we would that out of the disorder and the peril of this day there might come a great step in advance. We beseech Thee, Lord, that the wounds of the world may be healed, that the hearts of men may be inspired, that the nations may be drawn together in truer fellowship and that more and more swiftly and widely the great mercies of God may be opened out unto all men until they march forward into a finer, nobler day, and a clearer, sweeter atmosphere.

We beseech Thee, Lord, for Thy mercy in the place of crisis this day. We beseech Thee, Lord, for Thy mercy in the simplest or loneliest heart amongst us in this place. And this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

the common good, and not be moved to walk uprightly, that he may be approved by the shades of those who have gone before him, as not unworthy of such a descent. How disgusting in the eyes of a common humanity are the hypertrophied and jejune boastings of different races, different creeds and different religions!

I say to you there's no lesser race,
No meaner of making or made;
For God, the Creator of all that is wrought,
Hath none of his people betrayed.

Did he say when he called little children to him,
"Part quickly the white from the black"?
Did he cure the disease of only one race,
And permit the others to lack?

He taught that one God is Father of all
And all of his children are free.
Then to teach and to guide, and be brothers beside,
Is the business for you and for me.

The same loves and same hopes buoy up men today
Whatever their color of skin.
Hope stands at the prow and love reveals how,
In the battles where merit must win.

The same God above us—"Our Father in Heaven"—
We reverently bow as we pray—
Is infusing his spirit in all who will follow
To that Brotherhood's long waited day.

There are world tasks that need all our best thought together,
And all have some good to bestow.
And equal the tasks, if the work be well done,
The council, the pulpit, the hoe.

Brotherhood Day

By Robert A. Ashworth

BROTHERHOOD DAY, to be observed February 22 and 23, will, it is hoped by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, particularly stress this year the preservation of civil and religious rights in America. During the past two years the plea for toleration and understanding among the diverse groups that make up our commonwealth, as urged and exemplified by George Washington, has been emphasized, and the need for it will always be great so long as embers of suspicion and enmity exist that may be fanned into flame by the demagogue or self-seeking politicians. But signs are not wanting that the rights of free speech, a free press and free assemblage, and the basic right of freedom of conscience, face new threats today; in part because of what is transpiring in other parts of the world and in part because of the activity of reactionary forces within our own population. We need to explore our American heritage in this regard, and to sound afresh the principles proclaimed by our Colonial and Revolutionary fathers who loved liberty and fought for it. In many a word of James Madison, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington there is a rebuke to the illiberality of our own day and a challenge to those who hold with a loose hand the liberties of which they are custodians. At the Williamstown Institute last summer Mr. Newton D. Baker made a remark that will repay careful thought. "The American theory of liberalism," he said, "I take to be a belief in the principle of liberty for others, with humility about one's self and one's own rights and aspirations based upon self-interest."

It is with this in mind that the National Conference has collated many striking statements from the founders of the republic and offers them as material for the Brotherhood Day observance. The worst foe of human brotherhood is repression and discrimination and the denial of the rights of conscience.

A large place will be given this year to the dramatic presentation of the theme of civil and religious liberty. History and contemporary events furnish abundant illustrations. As an educational technique nothing could be better than that local groups should prepare their own dramatic material and enlist young and old in the presentation of it. In default of that, the National Conference is prepared to provide it.

The most successful committees last year made large use of the radio over an extended period. Others cooperated with superintendents of education in programs in the schools, or stimulated the church schools and young people's societies, in addition to public meetings for the community at large.

Brotherhood Day is an educational project designed to shape attitudes and control conduct and disseminate information. It calls also for a mobilization of the forces of the three major religious groups in America to unite as citizens of a common country in all undertakings that will help to make that country what it ought to be. It does not aim to make men think alike or to ignore the inevitable differences, with the clashes and competitions which they involve, that characterize the groups that share the destiny of America, but emphasizes those social and community tasks which are of common concern and interest and calls for cooperation in them. It is devoted to the cultivation of that most difficult of all arts, the art of living together. If, as Archbishop Temple has been lately reminding us, fellowship is a vital part of religion, it is not too much to hope that there will emerge from the observance of Brotherhood Day a quickening of religious interest in church and synagogue.

THE GREAT NEUROSIS

Among many schools of psychiatrists some emphasize especially the mental havoc wrought by egotism. We are born into a world, they remind us, which seems made for our comfort. We receive protection as well as nourishment from our mothers, who, when pain disturbs our little cosmos, are eager to banish the intruder. Yet the time comes, with a broadening mental horizon, when suffering as well as pleasure must be faced, and woe betide us if we refuse to face it, if we go on trying to escape from the painful task of mentally growing up! We can, of course, struggle for years to keep the ego inviolate, and we can do so in very devious ways, revelling in martyrdoms that flatter our self-esteem, imagining that we love those whom we are using as props for an egocentric uni-

verse. But the universe refuses to be rearranged as a private estate; far from escaping difficulties, we find ourselves more and more entangled in a web of illusions, sometimes to an extent that results in serious psychic disorders. There is only one way out, and that is by accepting life as it really is, by letting its trials break up the childish ego, by giving ourselves to others as *persons* instead of exploiting them as *things*. It is a thorny path, but its wounds are fruitful, for it leads, paradoxically, to the only full and joyous realization of personality in all its richness.

These lessons can be set forth in purely psychological terms, and illustrated by clinical cases, yet they are after all but the development of a profound religious truth. They confirm, from scientific experience, the very words that are hardest for us to accept: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall save it." T. Lawrason Riggs.

Brotherhood Verse

Brotherhood

THE crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth,
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

Edwin Markham.

Tear Down The Walls!

TEAR down the walls! God made of one
All men who live upon the earth;
He is our Father, we his sons,
Whatever be our human birth.

Tear down the walls that separate
And breed estrangement, pride and hate;
The poor, the oppressed, the rich, the great
Are brothers in one human state.

Edgar Cooper Mason.

Refusal

"HERE is my heart; it's clean.
I give it, Lord, to Thee."
And then I saw God plainly
Turn aside from me.

"I do not want your heart,
Closed tightly to other men.
Open it up, my child,
And return it to me again."

Raymond Kresensky.

O Heart

O HEART, that beats with every human heart,
O Heart, that weeps with every human tear,
O Heart, that sings with every human song,
Fill our slow hearts with flood-tides of Thy love;
That they may beat with every human heart,
That they may weep with every human tear,
That they may sing with every human song,
And thus, through Thee, unite with all mankind.

Maurice Rowntree.

The World Is One

THE world is one; we cannot live apart,
To earth's remotest races we are kin;
God made the generations of one blood;
Man's separation is a sign of sin.

What though we solve the secret of the stars,
Or from the vibrant ether pluck a song,
Can this for all man's tyranny atone
While Mercy weeps and waits and suffers long?

Put up the sword, its day of anguish past;
Disarm the forts, and then, the war-flags furled,
Forever keep the air without frontiers,
The great, free, friendly highway of the world.

So that at last to rapture men may come,
And hear again the music of the spheres,
And stand erect, illumined, radiant, free,
The travail and the triumph of the years.

Hinton White.

What Shall Endure?

GREAT roads the Romans built that men might meet,
And walls to keep strong men apart—secure.
Now centuries have gone, and in defeat
The walls are fallen, but the roads endure.

Ethelyn M. Hartwich.

These poems have been selected from *Quotable Poems*, Volumes I and II. They are reprinted by permission of the publishers, Willett, Clark & Company.

What Is Good Preaching?

By Hugh Elmer Brown

ONE of my incidental hobbies is collecting Things Said to the Preacher by people as they file past him on their way to the street. These sayings are various. Among the more common specimens well known to every pastor are: "That sermon was meant for me," "I wish my husband had been here," "That was the best sermon I ever heard you preach," "You ought to have that published." A brisk young business man set me wondering with this modern comment: "You certainly stepped on the gas this morning." A ripened saint made the accurate observation in all kindness: "Your text was too big for your sermon." Still more unusual the following: "My mother enjoys your sermons so much," and ten seconds later in reply to a sympathetic question: "We are afraid she is losing her mind."

Back of all these front-door comments—inflational or deflational to the preacher—is the interesting fact that nearly every listener assumes some expertness in judging preaching. The man who does not imagine that he is competent to pass on a legal contract without the aid of a lawyer, or a physical diagnosis without the aid of a doctor, is confident that when it comes to preaching, he knows what is what. And what varieties of taste! What one congregation vows is the best preaching for miles around is ridiculed by a differently constituted congregation in the next town or even in the next block. And the "Candidate" whom one committee dismisses as impossible is seized on by the next committee as a supernal wonder. It is no doubt fortunate that all congregations do not fancy the same type of preachers. But the point I make is this: Preaching has a multitude of judges. All of which sets us pondering the question: "What is good preaching?"

● *Finding a Yardstick For Preaching*

It is easy to underestimate the competence of the Man-in-the-Pew; to insist that because he never had a course in homiletics he is therefore unentitled to render a wise verdict on a sermon. Such a conclusion is foolish. Good preaching is preaching which does good to people; it senses their needs and then goes about shaping truths suitable to their case. People who are being preached at, like people who are being doctored, should have some inkling of what is happening to them, and hence some notion of the curative quality of the sermons. But as preachers we crave something more definite than casual congregational comment, some more available yardstick with which to measure our preaching.

I venture humbly to submit to my brethren who belong to The Majestic Order of the Spoken Word, some of the elements of good preaching, as I see them. If what I say is unstimulatingly familiar and provokingly obvious, let it be remembered that even the Lyman Beecher lectures are finding it harder and harder to say a fresh thing about preaching.

Hugh Elmer Brown

I am intentionally omitting some very important qualities of good preaching such as audibility, appropriate and unworn diction, rhetorical design and unity, power to win decision and spiritual incandescence. And I am well aware that some good preaching seems to violate all rules.

● *I. Good Preaching Conceals the Preacher*

"In great musical performance the musician never calls attention to himself. He calls attention only to his art." James Austin Richards—finished workman at Oberlin—cites this quotation and says: "The first specification of good preaching is that it call no attention to the preacher. Phillips Brooks said that neither the thought that he is doing well nor the thought that he is doing ill can ever visit the preacher in his pulpit without grievously hurting his preaching." Dr. Richards is right. One of the things which most certainly mar preaching is self-emphasis. Modesty is the loveliest robe to wear in the pulpit. Unselfconsciousness makes for good preaching. In this age of advertising blah, some preachers have caught the fever and are about as modest in the pulpit as a fire-alarm fire. Their itch for publicity breaks out all over the place. Their oratory has a trombone pomp; they walk about the platform like "destiny's ambassador." They print puffs about themselves in their bulletins. They project their personalities. Who of us wholly dodges this demon of self-assertion? Only a sifted few of beautiful humility whose preaching is unblemished by the psychology of the "go-getter." Good preaching conceals the preacher.

● *II. Good Preaching Respects the Bible*

It is one thing to prowl through the Bible till one can steal a phrase with a catchy sound, around which, regardless of its original meaning, one may construct an essay, compose an oration, or rhapsodize a prose poem. It is quite another thing to deal honestly with the Scriptures, seeking to find in them a lantern for all feet, a blueprint for right living and a map of the Civilization of Brotherly Men. This incomparable literature for cleansing, comfort and command deserves and requires scholarly study. Taken together and rightly interpreted it is a morally authoritative and adequate guide to faith and conduct.

Good preaching is sensitive to the rich and durable values of the Bible. It ever avoids acrobatic performances on single texts and flees from intuitional exegesis in all its forms. It seeks to expound historical movements, divine unfoldings and to show the spirit behind the letter, the Christ within the documents. It seeks as a background of imperative worth the solid substantialities of the Scriptures. It scorns the use of the Bible as a mere atmospheric pressure of sanctity to bless ideas only dimly related to its contents. Good preaching, planted by the river of the Bible, finds subterranean foothold and rootage, and each year adds new rings to its girth and new diameters to its healing shadow.

● *III. Good Preaching Treats Great Subjects*

I can never forget two men who had something to say about this. Professor Brastow, my teacher in homiletics—a truly great "homiletical surgeon"—who counseled us to "grapple athletically with large subjects." And Dr. Jowett, who urged in his Yale Lectures that we seek the "note of vastitude" in selecting our themes. These experts knew that pleasant discussions of the haberdashery of the religious life could never give high quality to preaching. Artistic dalliance

with the charms of Christianity, however delightful to the preacher and however impressive to light-minded listeners, cannot qualify as good preaching. Dealing prettily with side issues, manicuring the minor moralities, retailing the contents of the Book of the Moment are enticing avocations of the pulpit. But good preaching leaves all the little valleys and foothills and climbs the continental divides.

Martineau in England and George A. Gordon in America are superb examples of preachers who were always seeking the snow-clad summits. Someone has said that Dr. Gordon had but one subject and that was: "The Sublimity of God." Few preachers can climb with these philosophers of the pulpit, but all preachers can turn their backs on the dainty subjects which come waltzing up for treatment —subjects which turn the sermon into a Rotary Talk, a Pink Tea Address, or an After Dinner Toast to the Health of the Gospel. Good preaching carves off not a sliver but a generous slice of the truth. I heard of a preacher who announced as his subject: "Veal Cutlets from the Golden Calf." Sad are the ways of struggling ingenuity with small themes.

● *IV. Good Preaching Has Pastoral Roots*

This idea has been given consummate exposition by Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins. In memorable articles he has insisted that preaching must have a depth and spread of root like an old apple tree in order to be creatively fruitful. He claims that preaching is ever rooted in conditions and relationships with human beings, which keep it close to reality. It reflects the restlessness, the venture, the mystery, the baffling greatness and littleness of life. "A preacher without a church is the most pathetic creature alive." "A church of unfinished saints is the appointed means of homiletic grace." "Preaching needs to be conditioned by life, by responsibility and wearing detail and doorbells and the trustees' budget, for it is a human enterprise among human conditions."

His argument is as invincible as it is beautiful. I do not venture even to summarize it here. But he makes out his case. Preaching unrelated to a parish is like "heat lightning in summer clouds, it is often a glorious spectacle but nothing comes of it." The minister who is always on the move is unlikely to do good preaching. The long pastorate has its limitations but one of its marvelous benefactions may be the lifting of preaching away from the levels of mediocrity into super-usual power.

● *V. Good Preaching Contains Ideas*

Dr. Watkinson records in his journal: "I was feeling very jaded and unequal to any intellectual activity so I dropped in to hear ———— preach." Professor Bliss Perry in his delightful book "And Gladly Teach" refers to his father's preaching thus: "His sermons always had a place for ideas." He also quotes Professor Pratt's candid remark on his (Perry's) graduating address: "Page after page, Bliss, you seemed just on the point of saying something, but you never quite reached that point." He recalls a conversation with Dr. George Gordon in which Dr. Gordon said: "I have never preached a sermon but once."

Few preachers have such a plethora of ideas as Dr. Gordon. But without some real intellectual content preaching is a weariness to the thoughtful. Emotional generalities will not suffice. Robust vacuities cannot fill the bill. Pentecostal fluency, brilliant statement and oratorical energy are a nuisance if nothing is coming through. Our speech may crackle with epigrams and shimmer with poetry and still be as bare of ideas as a college yell. It may be as crisp as good celery and as lacking in nutrition. Good preaching is mentally solvent. It may not produce original or profound ideas every Sunday morning, but it does give the mind of the average listener some real round steak of conviction to chew on. Some truth about life, some fresh aspect of an old doctrine, some light on the face of duty, some formative idea.

Only the scholarly spirit in the ministry, only incessant plugging can bring us this indispensable element in good preaching.

● *VI. Good Preaching Provides a Balanced Diet*

Variety in preaching is easy to write about, but not so easy to achieve in practice. Fascinating goals are set before us in seminary, but a few years out, and one finds that a particular type of sermonizing seems most suitable to one's talents. The first thing we know, we are chronically given to just one type of sermon. That type may be good in itself, but taken alone it results in malnutrition for the pews. Then trouble begins, or ought to begin. "The best way to preach is every way." Cultivation of the creative spirit in sermonizing, constant experimentation with homiletic types would save many a parish from slow starvation and many a preacher from ossification. Good preaching is dietetically planned with regard to the spiritual necessities of human beings and is not left to the weekly whims of a parson who himself is in a rut up to his chin.

Glance over Dr. Fosdick's recent volumes of sermons and note the variety of treatment, the wide range of theme, the rich and balanced menu. Consider the noble 30-year pastorate of Dr. Jefferson at Broadway Tabernacle, and note the wealthy variety in sermonic good. Personal, domestic and international themes stand side by side. And once each year a charming "Nature Sermon." Everything planned to whet the appetite and nourish the soul.

Good preaching goes in for scientific spiritual nutrition.

● *VII. Good Preaching Is Public Minded*

The Hebrew Prophets set the standard. They were critics of life. They did not hesitate to tell kings—plain and fancy—where to get off. They followed the fortunes and misfortunes of their nation. They grappled constantly and courageously with national evils. They devoted themselves to a strenuous and heart-breaking ministry of public service. They took a hand in international matters. They strove for a heavenly solution of earthly problems. They were specialists in hope for a better day. They were on the side of humanity and fought without truce against cruelty of every kind. Their God was no gentle Emeritus wandering mildly around the campus. He had a throne and a right hand and a left.

Others have followed in their train —Parkhurst, Horne, Dale, Gladden, McConnell, Tittle and Swan. Nothing which affects human life is alien to their pulpits. They measure existing conditions and institutions against the Kingdom of God and boldly declare the discrepancy between the two. They fight the cupidities and stupidities which have all but wrecked the world. They throw their whole weight against the fatal fallacies of the time.

Good preaching is not journalistic but eternalistic, it speaks from above the battle. It pushes on from personal piety and domestic morality to social righteousness. It knows "Christianity's Stake in the Social Situation." It proclaims the necessity and possibility of social salvation. It has social imagination, social sympathy and social conscience. It is the unfettered critic of life.

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WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

Since 1928 Rev. HAROLD C. PHILLIPS has been minister of the First Baptist church, Cleveland. He came to Cleveland from his first pastorate at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Mr. Phillips is in frequent demand as a Sunday preacher in many colleges of the east and middle west, and has often addressed student conventions and other assemblies.

In October of last year Rev. TRUMAN B. DOUGLASS came from a five year pastorate in Pomona, Cal., to succeed Rev. Jay T. Stocking at Pilgrim Congregational church, St. Louis. While on the coast, he was a director of the California Conference for Social Work, and he is also a director of the new Congregational Council for Social Action.

Several years ago Rev. ALFRED LEE WILSON came from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Canton, O., to lead the activities of the remarkable Kenwood Interdenominational church, Chicago. Today this church has more than 1100 members, representing 23 denominations.

Rev. EARL H. THAYER *has supplemented* his education—at Syracuse university and Hartford seminary—by first-hand studies of international conditions in Europe. Mr. Thayer's chief pastorates have been at Emmanuel church, Springfield, Mass., and at First Congregational church, Cleveland, where he still ministers.

Rev. J. ELLIOT ROSS is an ordained priest in the Roman Catholic church, and has held a number of pastorates and educational posts. He has been a lecturer on Catholic doctrine on several foundations at American colleges, and is the author of many books. Dr. Ross is active in the work of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. His home is in Charlottesville, Va.

From 1909 to 1918 Rev. J. STANLEY DURKEE ministered at South Congregational church, Brockton, Mass. Passing from ministerial service to the educational field, Dr. Durkee was president of Howard university for eight years. Since 1926 he has been pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church, Brooklyn, made famous by the ministry there of Henry Ward Beecher.

After a pastoral service of more than thirty years in the Baptist ministry, at Meriden, Conn., Milwaukee, Wis., and Yonkers, N. Y., Rev. ROBERT A. ASHWORTH served for three years as editor of the Baptist. Upon the discontinuance of that journal, he became editorial secretary of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, which position he still holds. Dr. Ashworth is a contributing editor of The Christian Century.

Rev. FREDERICK W. NORWOOD *is min*ister of the City Temple, London, Eng.

Rev. HUGH ELMER BROWN *is minister of* the First Congregational church, Evanston, Ill.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, City Temple, London. "Verifying the Commitment." II Tim. 1:12—"For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

JOSEPH MARTIN DAWSON, First Baptist, Waco, Tex. "The Gospel of Inspired Action." Isa. 40:31—"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

OSWALD W. S. MCCALL, First Congregational, Berkeley, Cal. "Think It Not Strange." I Peter 4:12, 13—"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you . . . as though a strange thing happened unto you."

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Sons of the Day." I Thess. 5:5—"For ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness."

ROBERT L. STUBBS, First Congregational, Western Springs, Ill. "Defeating Our Failures." Rom. 12:21—"Do not be conquered by evil, but conquer evil with good." (Goodspeed)

HARMAN F. MILLER, Evangelical Lutheran, Aliquippa, Pa. "Heart-say or Hear-say." I John 4:4—"Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"

WESLEY V. HITE, First Methodist, Electra, Tex. "Magnificent Obsession." Phil. 3:7, 8—"Howbeit what things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ."

ARTHUR HOVERLAND, Belmont Avenue Methodist, Youngstown, O. "The Danger of Following Wrong Leaders." Isa. 9:16—"The leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of Sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

. . . . . .
Address

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THERE are two kinds of meetings I enjoy above all others. One is a ministers' meeting. The other is a gathering of students. With my daughter, a recent graduate of Oberlin college, I attended the Student Volunteer convention in Indianapolis during the holidays. There were said to be 3000 students present from all parts of the country. This meeting is held every four years—once in a college generation. The Indianapolis gathering was different from those of former days. There was no call for recruits—volunteers—for the mission field. This for the very good reason that the boards are operating on a diminishing income and the mission work abroad is being subjected not only to reexamination by Christian leadership at the home base, but to psychological, social and political constriction in the lands where for a century the missionary has been accorded at least formal hospitality. But despite the fact that the missionary enterprise rests under many inhibitions today, the student conferences were held as usual. But this time the sessions were devoted to a study of the problems of religion for their own sake. The Archbishop of York addressed the sessions daily on the great themes of God, Christ, Bible, Prayer, the Church, etc. It was pretty heavy thinking for American students, not because the subject matter was beyond them but because, as I felt it, he began at the wrong end, the dogmatic end, asserting his ultimate conclusions before he stated the problem which his conclusions were presumed to solve. But the archbishop's gracious manner and powerful mentality were an inspiration to every youngster there. I wish I had space to express my enthusiasm over an address by T. Z. Koo. Dr. Richard Roberts of Toronto and Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, Jr., moved me as much as any other speakers.

The Student Conferences

The Book of the Month

THE FATE OF MAN IN THE MODERN WORLD, *by Nicholas Berdyaev. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, $1.25.*

I WONDER how many readers of The Pulpit are acquainted with the writings of M. Berdyaev. Probably at best a very small circle of us. I would like to introduce him to the rest of us. And here is a little book that serves just this purpose. Berdyaev is a Russian philosopher who suffered under the Tsar because of his Marxist sympathies, and under the communist regime because of his growing disillusionment with respect to the Marxian outlook on life. Deposed by the Soviet authorities from his professorship in the University of Moscow, he has lived in Paris as a refugee for a decade. His teachings and writings are deeply stirring the thought of the large circle of his exiled compatriots who have found refuge in Paris. Not only so, but he is touching so many western minds that he has become one of the most potent influences in western religious thought. This is the more remarkable in that he is one of the very few philosophers in the Eastern (Orthodox) church whose thinking has seemed to us of the west to be relevant to our problems. But Berdyaev touches us where we live! His larger book, "Freedom and the Spirit" (Scribners), is rich with penetrating insights. His "Fate of Man" is a profound analysis of our contemporary situation. He sees man as "dehumanized" by the forces of modern civilization—the state, the capitalistic system and the machine. In our literature, our science and our philosophy, man has disappeared; there remains only certain of his functions—sex desire, the will to power, etc. The book seems pessimistic because its analysis is so searching and so surgical. But the author disavows ultimate pessimism. He clings to the reality of the Kingdom of God.

A Thought for the Month

LIFE has a way of compounding all our experiences, even those which we transcend and think we have left behind. Instead of leaving them behind, they go along with us, cumulatively, enriching or depleting our personality, comforting or tormenting us, expanding or constricting our natures. Our sufferings never leave us the same even though we are relieved of the pain of them. Our defeat deposits something in our hearts which remains to qualify every subsequent victory that we may win. Our doubt, if it was really a poignant and radical questioning of God's goodness, tempers and softens the most triumphant faith which we may ever attain. To have been truly tempted, and to have fallen, or to have been on the guilty point of falling, gives its own ineradicable quality to our strength of character. This cumulative principle in life is more than memory, though conscious memory is part of it. Happiness may come to us, and faith, and strength, but they are different from that which they would have been had we not suffered or doubted or fallen. It is because *we* are different. The vessel itself has been shaped and reshaped by the struggles and strains and failures which it has experienced. The vessel—which is our self—has been made more strong or more frail, more shallow or more deep, more hard or more sensitive, by the wine with which it has been filled. We cannot throw any of the wine of life away. We cannot leave any of the substance of experience behind. Even our wrong-doing, our sin, though it be fully forgiven, remains with us. It remains as forgiveness! But to be forgiven is not to go back to the innocency which preceded our guilt—it is to go forward into the deeper experience which Christianity knows as divine grace. This is the genius of our Christianity, that it will not let us "skip over" anything, or fling it away, or "forget it." It transforms all things, even the most untoward, into ultimate and ineffable good.

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